

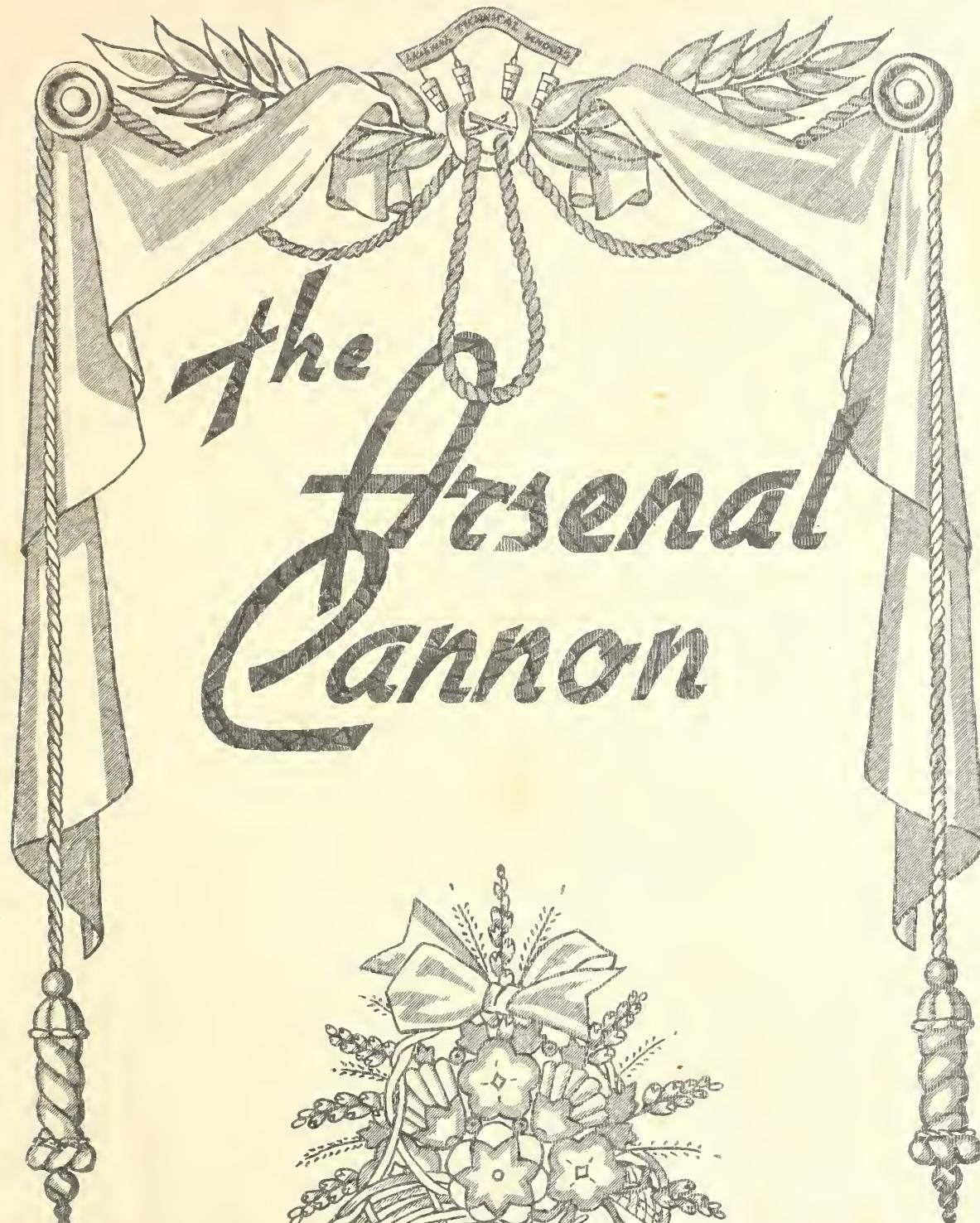
# The Arsenal Cannon



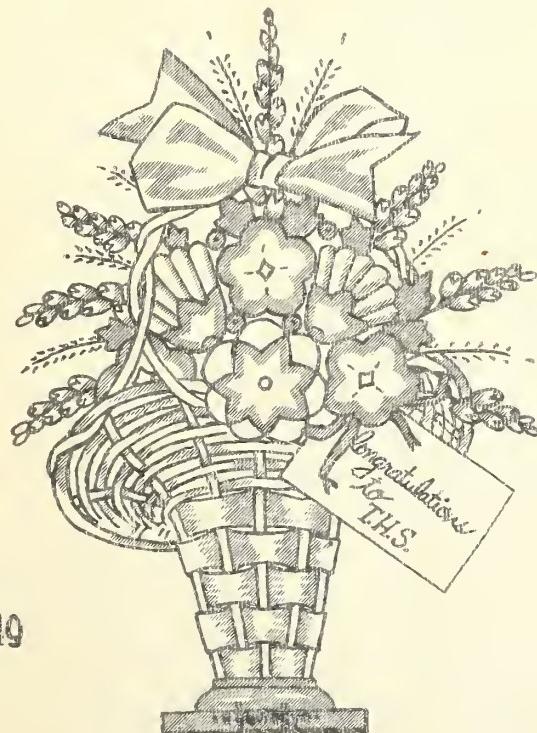
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# The Arsenal Cannon

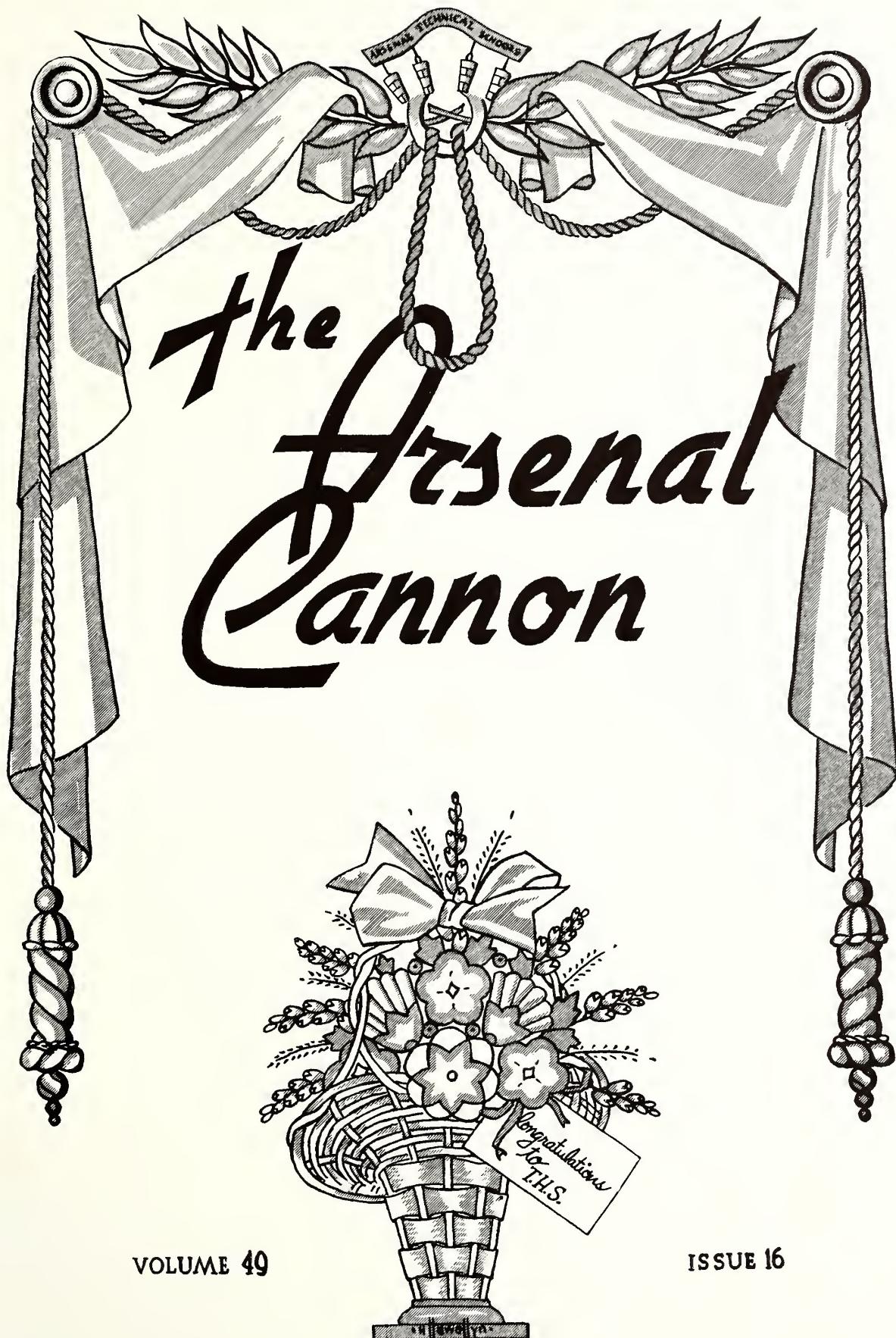


VOLUME 49

ISSUE 16

JUNE NINETEEN THIRTY SEVEN





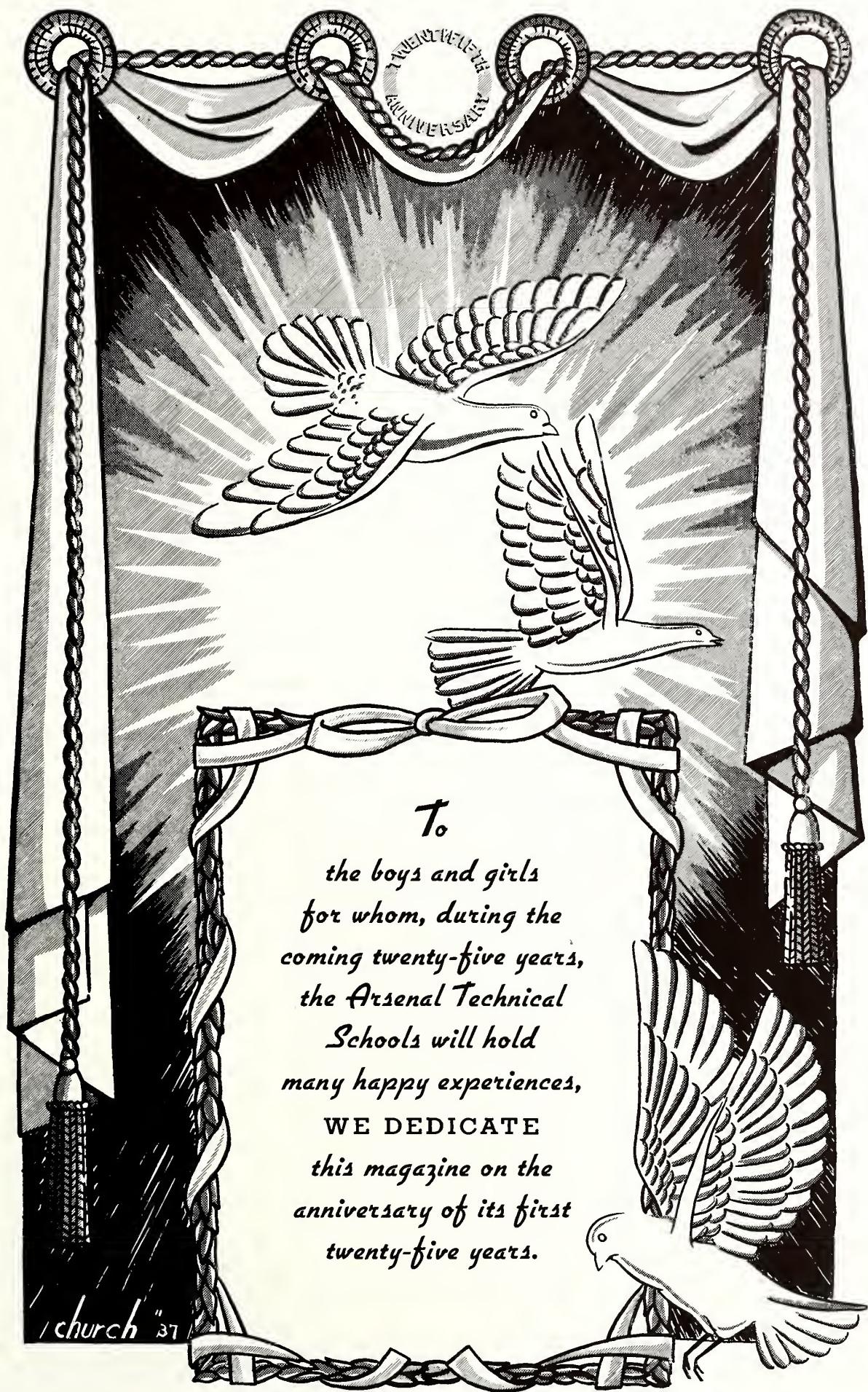
VOLUME 49

ISSUE 16

JUNE NINETEEN THIRTY SEVEN



*Gazing Tower-ward*



church '37

The Arsenal Cannon

# *Foreword*

The Arsenal clock has ticked away the first twenty-five years of this great educational center, and we, on its silver anniversary, are looking into the future to see what time may hold for this high school. Using the past quarter century as a guide, we see the spirit of advancement, which is symbolical of Tech, penetrating the future—exploring, improving, and creating as it moves forward. Holding the answers to youth's eternal questing, the Arsenal Technical Schools serve as a stepping stone to the fulfillment of ideals.



*A Glimpse of the Arsenal*

*The First  
Snow*



*The Artillery  
Building*



*Winter  
Shadows*



*The Arsenal Cannon*

# Tech Marches On

I have heard of a sturdy oarsman of a college crew who, when asked why he chose rowing instead of football, said, "I prefer a sport in which one looks backward and goes forward to a sport in which one always looks forward, but so much of the time goes backward." With the close of this school year, with twenty-five years of work done, Tech comes to this anniversary period in the spirit of that oarsman. Our faces are for the time to the years that have gone, but all the while we move forward toward an opportunity for greater service to the youth of this community.

As we look backward we see a panorama of years replete with problems.

In the fall of 1912 a great teacher and leader, with a broad vision, came to this place. About him were gathered 183 boys and girls who themselves knew little of the part which they were playing in the founding of an institution. Then followed four years of uncertainty when no one could know from day to day but that these grounds might be lost forever to the cause of education.

Finally, on May 22, 1916, a memorable decision of the Supreme Court of Indiana banished all uncertainty as to the permanence of this institution and made it possible for long-time plans to be made. But even while these plans were forming, the World War came and everything was laid aside in the interest of the all-important job of winning the war. Once again these buildings and grounds were teeming with soldiers. School was deferred and the erection of the new buildings delayed. When the Armistice came, under the matchless genius of Mr. Milo H. Stuart who through Tech's first trying years never lost heart nor vision, the school began its permanent program of development. The vocational schools were enlarged in scope; the program of studies expanded to meet the needs of a rapidly growing student body; new buildings arose—the Main Building, the Shops, the wings to the Main Building, and the Gymnasium. And later the Arsenal interior was reconstructed. These, with the athletic field and bleachers, were the developments in equipment.

This has been an interesting quarter century for all who have had a part in Tech's growth. Thousands of young men and young women have spent four important years of their lives on this campus and in these buildings. From the inspiration of the teachers with whom they lived while here, they have gone out to take an important place in the world of affairs. Today the sun never sets on Tech graduates. They live and work throughout the world.

All about us today there may be confusion and uncertainty as to what course education shall take. For us, however, one duty is clear—to devote the resources of this institution, this heritage which is left to us from the twenty-five years that have gone, toward making this place a center where youth may build ambitions, where each one may find a vision of how best to make living worth while. In this spirit we shall seek a way of life and work which will exemplify all that should come from culture and ideals of civic responsibility. Toward this goal Tech marches on.

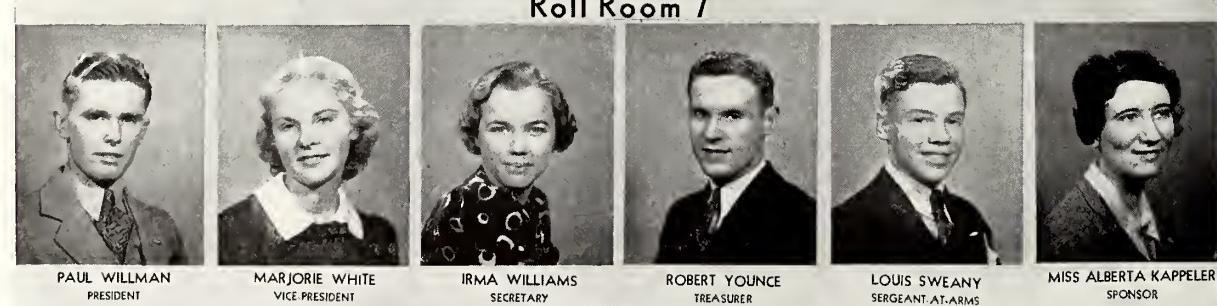


DE WITT S. MORGAN

DE WITT S. MORGAN,  
Principal

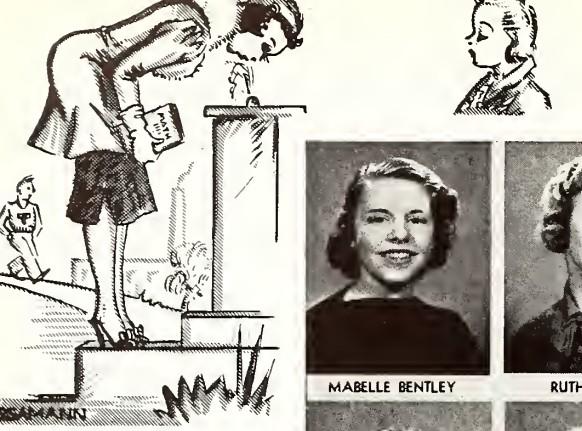


*Seniors*





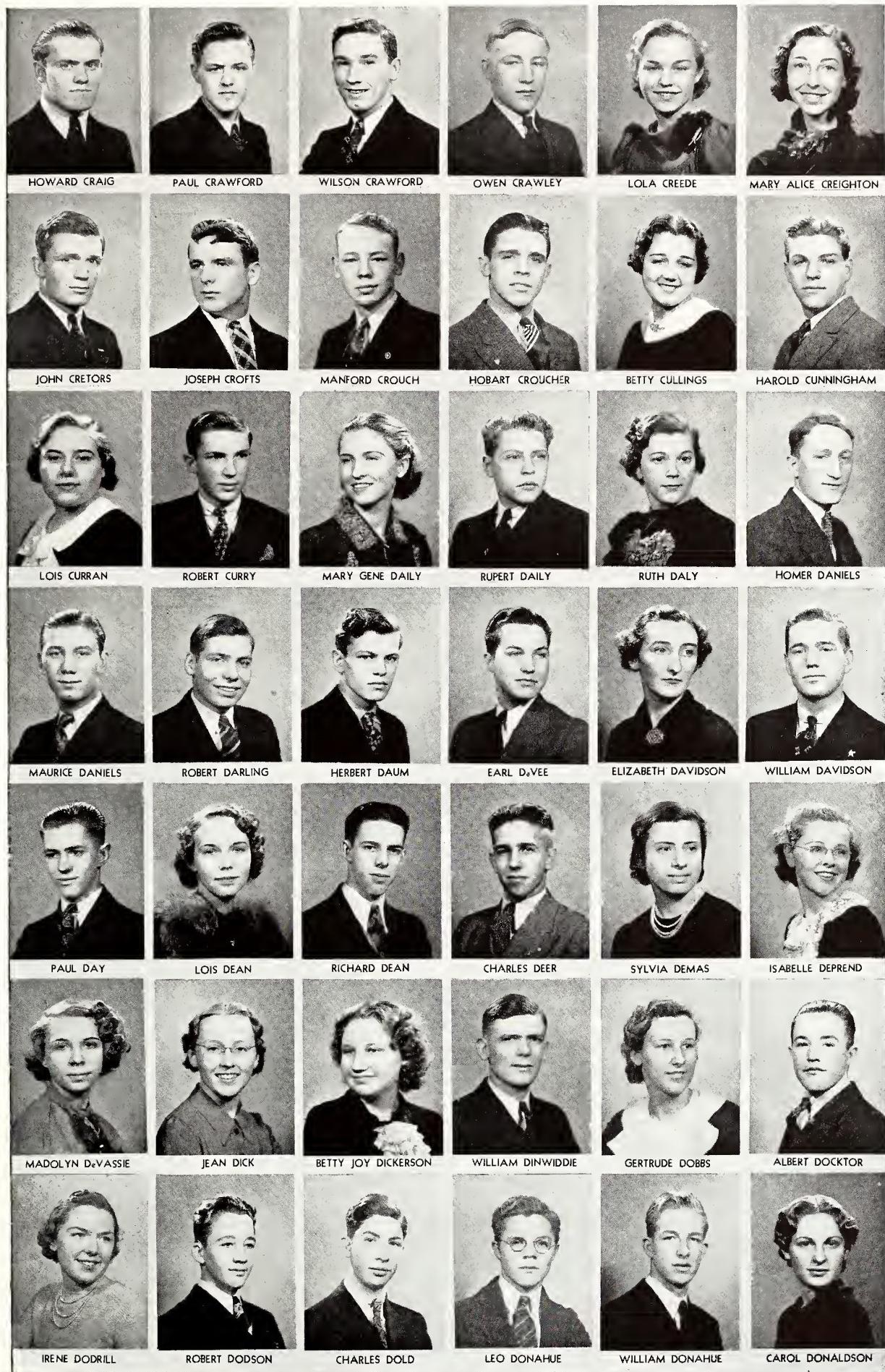
The Arsenal Cannon





The Arsenal Cannon





*The Arsenal Cannon*





PARVIN FISHER



RAYMOND FISHER



RICHARD FISHER



JAMES B. FLAHERTY



LAVERNE FLEENER



DENVER FLETCHER



VIOLET FLUHARTY



EDNA FOLEY



MARIE FOLEY



MARY F. FOLLOWELL



JEANNE FORCUM



LOIS FORD



ROSEMARY FORMES



EVELYN FOSGATE



JOHN FOSTER



FRANCIS FOULKE



HELEN FOURNACE



ROBERT A. FOX



LYNN FOXWORTHY



BETTY FRESCHE



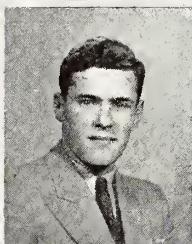
GLENN FRITZLEN



FLORENCE FRY



VIRGINIA FRYMIER



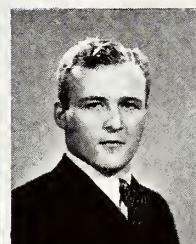
ROY FULWIDER



LORETTA FUNKE



DAVID FYE



LAWRENCE GALVIN



ROSALYN GARRETT



MARY LOUISE GARRITY



BETTY GARST



RUTH GASAWAY



JAMES GASTINEAU



ROY GENTRY



JOSEPH GEORGE



ROBERT GEROW



JACK W. GIDDENS



GERTRUDE GILL



DON GILLE



JOHN GILLEY



RUTH GISE



PAULINE GISH



JOHN GLASS

The Arsenal Cannon





RAYMOND HAMADA



JULIUS HANCOCK



ALICE HANKINS



DOROTHY HANSON



GERALDINE HANSON



CHARLES HARBAUGH



JAMES HARDER



WILLIAM HARDIN



HELEN HARDING



LEONARD HARDING



RICHARD HARDING



ROBERT HARGRAVE



ELBERT HARGRAVES



LEROY HARMON



BERNETTA HARRELL



MARY K. HARRISON



ROBERT HARRISON



WILLIAM HARRITT



FRANCIS HARROLD



ROBERT HARTSOCK



WARREN HARVEY



ANNA HAWK



JUNE HAWK



GILBERT HAWKINS



KENT HAWKINS



STANLEY HAWTHORNE



JOHN HAYDEN



IONE HEATH



GERALDINE HEFFERMAN



EARL HELM



JOSEPH HELMS



WILLARD HELMS



CLIFFORD HENDRICKS



MARJORIE HENNIGAR



ANNABELLE HERDRICH



KATHLEEN HERDT



CAROL HEWITT



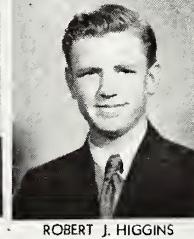
GERTRUDE HEYDEN



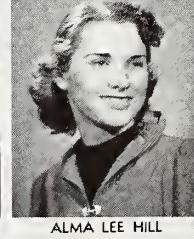
LOUISE HIATT



GEORGE HICKS



ROBERT J. HIGGINS



ALMA LEE HILL

The Arsenal Cannon





*The Arsenal Cannon*





ROSEMARY LESLIE



ROBERT LEWARK



HAROLD LEWIS



JULIA LEWIS



WILLIAM LEWIS



BETTY LIGHTHISER



BETTY LINDSAY



JOHN LINGENFELTER



CARL LIPES



ARVILLE LISH



LLOYD LITTEN



VIRGINIA LITTLE



SPENCER LLOYD



PAULINE LOLLAIR



ELMER LOVE



VIRGINIA LOWRY



GEORGE LYDAY



WILLIAM LYNCH



LEWIS LYONS



BETTY McARTHUR



JAMES McCAMMON



ARTHUR McCARTY



CORA McCONAHY



MADGE McCONNELL



MARTHA McCORD



MARGUERITE McCROSSAN



SIDNEY McDONALD



KATHLEEN McFARLING



MARIAN McGAHEY



ORVILLE McGILLIARD



ROGER McGOWAN



MARTHA McHATTON



KENNARD McINTOSH



LOUIS McINTOSH



JOHN M. KEE



LOUISE MCKINNEY



FREDERICK McMANNIS



EUGENE MCNAY



DOROTHY MAAS



FRANK MABEY



VIVIAN MACKEY



CAROLYN MAEHLER

The Arsenal Cannon





The Arsenal Cannon



WILLIAM MURRAY



FANNIE REEVE MYER



WILLIAM MYERS, JR.



WILLIAM W. MYERS



JOHNSON NATHAN



CHRISTINE NEAL



VELMA NEAL



ELIZABETH NEFF



VERNABELLE NEILL



ISABELLE NELSON



WILLIAM NEUMAN



WILBURN NEVINS



WARD NEWGENT



ROBERT NEWSOME



JAMES NICCUM



FAYE NICHOLAS



DOROTHY NICHOLS



ALVIN NIEMEYER



JOHN NIHOF



JOSEPHINE NILES



WILLIAM NIMAL



MANUAL NISENBAUM



MAURICE NOEL



RUSSELL NOFFKE



WILLIAM NOFFKE



ANNABELLE NORRIS



ROBERT NOWLING



BILLIE O'BANION



THOMAS OBERLIES



VIVIAN OBERLIES



MARIE O'BRIEN



RICHARD O'CONNOR



ROBERT O'DONNELL



ELIZABETH OKEY



MARTHA ORTSTADT



EILEEN OVERPECK



JAMES OVERTREE



GERTRUDE OVERTURF



KENNETH OWINGS



GENEVIEVE PADEN



HELEN PAIDRICK

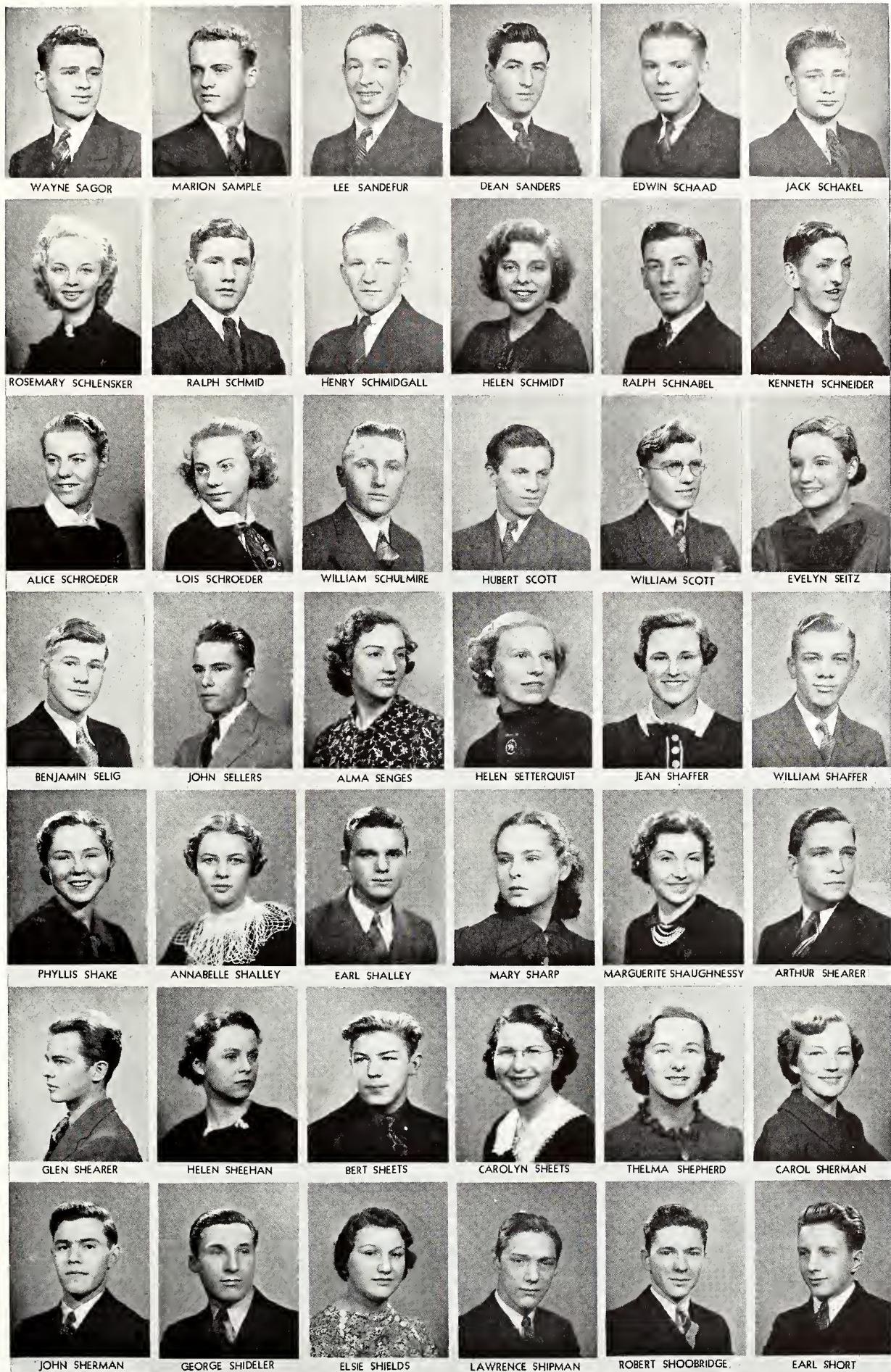


DOROTHY PAINE



*The Arsenal Cannon*





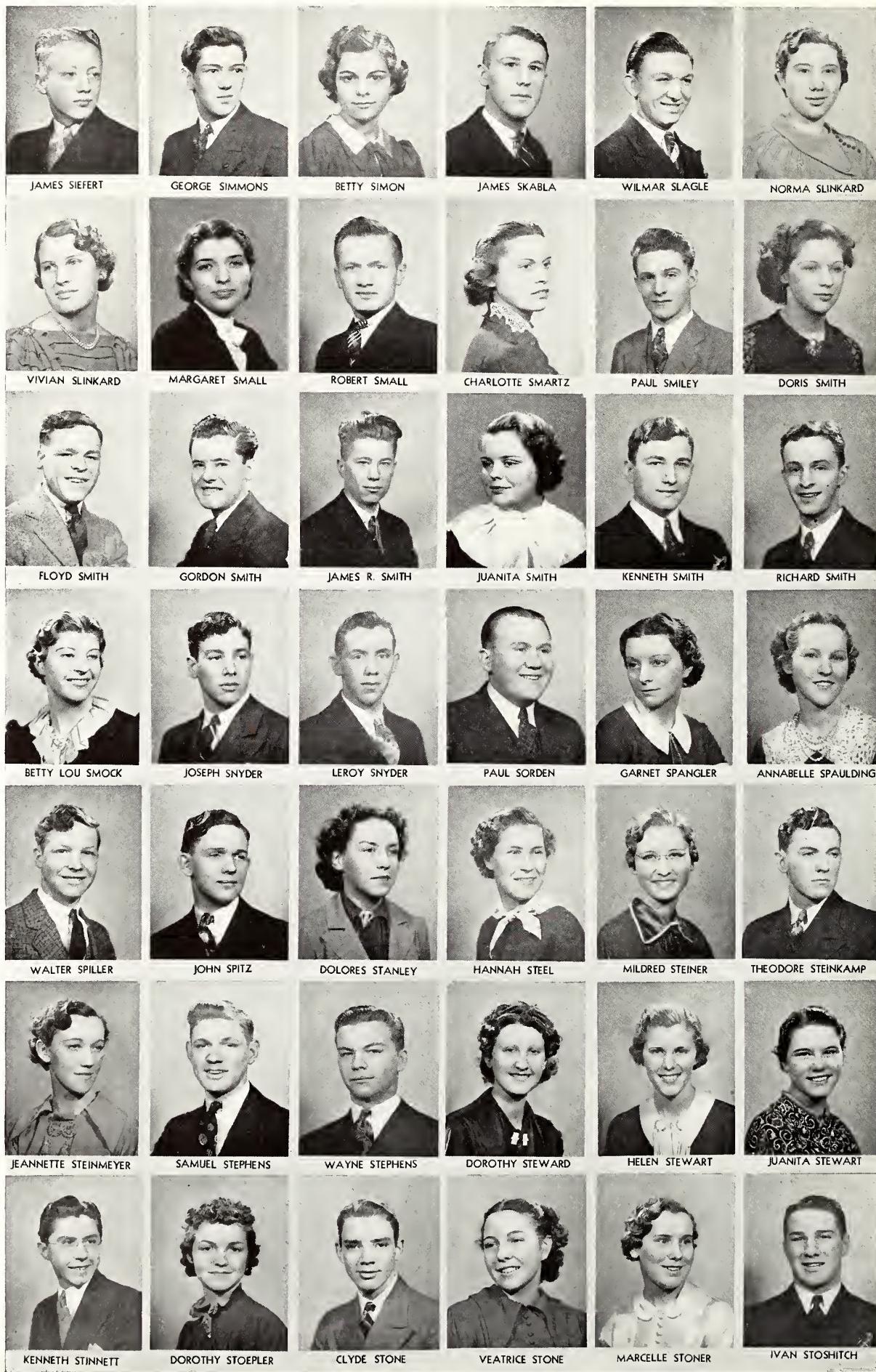
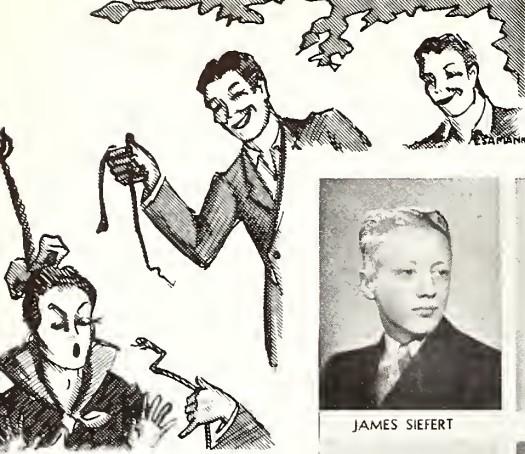
The Arsenal Cannon



*A Corner of The Student Quadrangle*



The Arsenal Cannon





The Arsenal Cannon



FAY VAN ARENDONK



JUEL VAN SANT



GEORGIA VAUGHAN



LOUIS VAUGHN



TED VAUGHN



JOHN VAWTER



PHYLLIS VENEZIA



EARL VICARS



HELEN VIDEBECK



RUTH VILLWOCK



ANISE VIRT



WILLIAM DONALD VOEGEL



RICHARD VOGLER



ROBERT VOORHIS



WALKER VOSS



GEORGE WALKER



LUCILLE WALTER



OPAL WALTER



JEANNE WALTERS



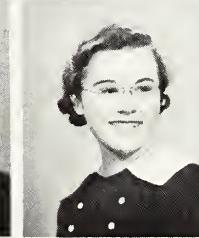
JUNE WALTERS



WILLIAM WALTERS



IRMA WALTHER



MARY MARGARET WALTON



DENTON WARD



RALPH WARD



ELIZABETH WARDLOW



RUBY WARFIELD



MARTHA WASHBURN



DAISY WATSON



DOROTHY WATSON



JEAN WATTERS



BARTONEE WEAVER



THOMAS WEAVER



DOROTHY WEBB



EVELYN WEBB



HUGH WEBER



MARY WEBER



ROBERT WEBER



BURNIE WEDDELLE



MARGUERITE WEDDELLE



MILDRED WEILAND



ROBERT WELCH



The Arsenal Cannon



## The Tech Legion

The Tech Legion, an honorary organization, has been established in order to recognize pupils who are outstanding in the attributes of citizenship and qualities of personal worth.

The emblem of the Tech Legion is a bar pin in green and white enamel—a white center with a square of green at each end. The commander, the senior with the greatest number of citations, has three gold stars on his pin; the lieutenant-commander, who ranks second in number of citations, has two stars; and the six captains, those standing highest in their respective roll rooms, have one star.

### *Legion Officers*

COMMANDER—Dorisann Johnson

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER—John Goddard

### CAPTAINS

Virginia Sylvia Bolint, Mary Agnes Dunwoody, Mary Catherine Haynes,  
Vircene Moore, Mary Louise Mitchell, Dorothy Paul, Hazel Wurster

### *Legion Members*

Kenneth Armel  
Harry K. Blake  
Dale H. Boggy  
Carl Bohn  
Donald Boles  
Alice M. Bottoms  
Raymond A. Brinkman  
Aloise Calvert  
Guy Carpenter  
Kenneth Christensen  
Eileen Coan  
Robert E. Coryell  
George P. Costarides  
Melvin J. Coulter  
Emerson Craig  
Howard R. Craig  
John E. Cretors  
Manford A. Crouch  
Elizabeth Davidson  
Katherine R. Deeb  
Carl D. Ellis  
James B. Flaherty

Evelyn B. Fosgate  
Glenn A. Fritzlen  
David L. Fye  
Katherine M. Graham  
Ernest Max Hass  
Alice C. Hankins  
Thomas D. Hawks  
Robert J. Higgins  
Dale R. Holt  
Ruth Marie Horstman  
Mary Jane Johnston  
Farley Karns  
Thelma Kasting  
William P. Keller  
Donald R. Kindred  
Albert G. Lane  
Earl L. Lawhead  
William H. Lay  
Rosalyn M. Ludwig  
Marian L. McGauhey  
Louis McIntosh  
Harry Lee Markus

Jack M. Mather  
Henrietta J. Mathews  
Ernest M. Mattingly  
Clifton A. Meloy  
Ruth Meredith  
Mary F. Milholland  
Mary C. Milligan  
Elmer J. Molique  
George F. Moore  
Mary Ann Moore  
Betty L. Morris  
Suzanne Mouron  
Ethel M. Osborne  
Francis Persell  
Hannah E. Pert  
Bernina L. Pressler  
Leroy Price  
Sara Ann Reynolds  
Jean Catherine Roberts  
Louis B. Rutan  
Madge A. Rutherford  
Wayne E. Sagor

John E. Sandstrom  
William M. Shaffer  
Helen G. Sheehan  
Walter E. Short  
Juanita M. Smith  
Thorn K. Snyder  
Hannah J. Steel  
Louis P. Sweany  
Virgil L. Terry  
Daniel D. Thomas  
Alphonso A. Topp  
Fay Van Arendonk  
Richard S. Vogler  
William E. Walters  
Mary E. Weber  
Dorothy L. Westbay  
Marjorie O. White  
Irma E. Williams  
Paul L. Willman  
Robert W. Winsten  
Dorothy M. Woods  
Elizabeth Ziegner





## *Rollo's Wild Oat*

BY CLARE KUMMER

ROLLO WEBSTER.....	Roscoe Teeter
GOLDIE McDUFF.....	Helen Schmidt
LYDIA WEBSTER.....	Dorothy Stoeppler
GEORGE LUCAS.....	Richard Ross
AUNT LANE.....	Dorothy Westbay
MRS. PARK-GALES.....	Vetha Worley
MR. STEIN.....	Thorn Snyder
CAMPERDOWN.....	William Lay
SKITTERLING.....	Harry Markus
BELLA.....	Dorothy Paul
HEWSTON.....	Philip Wolverton
HORATIO WEBSTER.....	Elmer Molique



MISS CLARA RYAN  
PLAY DIRECTOR



CHELSEA STEWART  
STAGE DIRECTOR



HERBERT TRAUB  
TECHNICIAN

## *Drums of Oude*

BY AUSTIN STRONG

CAPTAIN HECTOR McGREGOR.....	Edward Bennett
LIEUTENANT ALAN HARTLEY.....	Wayne Carmichael
STEWART, THE SENTRY.....	Ebert Chatham
SERGEANT McDOUGAL.....	Milton Burden
HINDUSTAN SERVANT.....	Wesley Andrews
MRS. JACK CLAYTON.....	Marian Bunten
A PRIVATE.....	Dale Boggy
McGREGOR'S HOUSE SERVANTS.....	
	Sylvia Bolint, Wilma Blumenaur, Nora Boyce

## *A Wedding*

BY JOHN KIRKPATRICK

THE BRIDEGROOM, BOB TISDALE.....	William Davidson
THE BEST MAN, ARCHIE.....	Robert Corre
THE BRIDE, ALICE GRAYSON.....	Margaret Gommel
A GROOMSMAN, TED.....	William Crawford
THE BRIDEGROOM'S MOTHER, MRS. TISDALE.....	Elaine Emery
THE BRIDE'S FATHER, MR. GRAYSON.....	Emerson Craig
THE BRIDE'S AUNT, MISS JULIA GRAYSON.....	Mary Agnes Dunwoody

## *"The Londonderry Air"*

BY RACHEL FIELD

MARTHA ROSE, the bound-out girl.....	Mary Jane Johnston
THE PEDDLER.....	William Keller
HIRAM BOGGS.....	Homer Huesing
THE WIDOW BOGGS.....	Alice Hankins

*A Wedding*



*Drums of Oude*



*"The  
Londonderry  
Air"*



*The Arsenal Cannon*



*Madrigal Singers*



*Boys' Quartette*



*Robert  
Edwards  
with his Carnegie Medal*



*Saxophone Ensemble*



*Choir Luncheon*



*String Ensemble*



Jack Mather

# *Literature*

# *Unsung Heroes*

BASED ON A TRUE STORY HEARD OVER THE RADIO

A moment of fumbling—then a strong hand grasped the key of the small radio transmitter in the rear of Bill Halstead's Repair Shop. The hand belonged to James Elkins, Bill's student, who was learning "the noble art of the dots and dashes." Jim's ambition to become a radio "Ham" had existed from the day, two weeks before, when, in a moment of weakness, Bill had suggested radio as a hobby. Yet Bill did not regret volunteering to become Jim's instructor, for never had he been privileged to have a more able student.

In these two short weeks, Jim had mastered the code and was well on his way to sending and receiving efficiently. Jim came of prosperous parents; therefore, with the help of Bill, he was soon building his own transmitter. Every day saw Jim hard at work on the rougher parts of the set, while Bill adjusted the fine points. At last the set was built, the license obtained, and another career as a "Ham" was begun.

Jim's first act as a licensed amateur was to call his pal, Bill, who lived only four blocks away. He experienced a thrill in the thought that he was one of the great league of invisible comrades.

At the end of three months, Jim had built up an acquaintance with more than one hundred amateurs. He had come to know them by their signals so that he could tell the different stations by merely hearing their calls.

Dawn broke one morning to find him tapping ceaselessly, trying to find someone with whom to talk. He called W8LLZ, Paul Williams of Hillsboro, a small village on the banks of the great Muskingum River. By chance he got a return to his swift call. After the usual radio chatter, they switched to voice so that they might hear one another talk. Jim noted a bit of anxiety in Paul's voice. When he inquired about it, Paul answered, "There may be nothing to it, but we have heard rumors that these recent rains have weakened the Molmouth Dam. At least, I am glad I laid in a new supply of batteries."

"If you get any news, let me know; but I wouldn't worry," Jim flashed back.

At that moment the voice of Jim's mother summoned him to breakfast; therefore, he was obliged to sign off to indulge in one of his favorite pastimes.

Back at his receiver he heard a frantic signal. Realizing it was his call letters and recognizing the peculiar sending of W8LLZ, he answered swiftly and, without the usual preliminary recognition, Paul broke in excitedly. "The dam's broken! Water is rising! I'm on the second floor, so I am safe. Try to contact Pittsburgh Red Cross. I'll sign off now. Please stay at your transmitter."

With mingled feelings Jim turned to the task of contacting the Red Cross. To think that he, Jim Elkins, a licensed "Ham" of only three months, was chosen by Paul out of all acquaintances to act as intermediary between the flood zone and the outside world. Paul Williams—alone—on the second floor of a flooded house!

He was awakened from his reverie by a return call from Paul. Paul's words fell like a thunder clap. "The power lines are down, so you and I are the only means of communication. Here is a list of supplies we need." Having made note of the needs, Jim contacted Bill Halstead to have him stand double shift with him.

Skilfully he cleared the air lanes and established two-way communication with both the Red Cross and Paul. At a moment's notice the forces of relief had been marshalled by these unsung heroes to rush aid to the sufferers in the flooded district.

For twelve hours, Jim was at his key, constantly sending or receiving latest reports. His small room had become headquarters for news reporters who wished latest flood bulletins. "The flood is rising! The water is coming under the door!" This in response to Jim's anxious inquiry for Paul's present position.

Forty-eight hours later the flood had reached its crest. Paul was in water to his knees. As for Jim, he had been at the key steadily for eighteen hours. Through their efforts very few lives were being lost, and the suffering of the refugees was greatly reduced.

The flood was over. The crest had dropped, and already many people had moved back to their homes. Jim Elkins, tired and worn, called Paul Williams for the last time that day. "Say, Paul," flashed Jim, "why don't you visit me? I think it would be swell!"

"I'm sorry," Paul answered, "I could never visit you. I am paralyzed from the waist down."

"Maybe it's just as well," replied Jim. "I could never see you. I've been blind all my life."

JOE McGUIRE

# *Free Wheeling*

In the hunger of night for glowing day, in the yearning of parched soil for soothing rain, and in the craving of an aspen for the wind's pursuit, I found fragments of my longing for swift, smooth flight. I had no desire to satisfy this longing by lifting frail, silver wings against a deep blue sky or by urging a quivering needle to race from fifty to seventy-five miles an hour. I wanted to fit my body to a springy leather seat, to reach down with my legs till they touched two firm dark pedals, to grasp a shining black tipped bar in eager hands. How I longed to own, to ride, and to treasure a bicycle! Night after night in the quiet darkness of my room I saw maple-shaded streets, cinder-roughened paths, and clover-scented roads, and heard their clear insistent call—saw, heard, and thrilled.

Every worth-while possession deserves a sacrifice. By passing up rich foods in favor of simpler and less expensive dishes, by reading about school basketball games instead of attending them, and by making my best bib and tucker do, I accumulated twenty-one dollars. After a final recount of my treasury, I crammed the bills into a small coin purse. Thirty minutes later I strode into a downtown sporting goods store. A vigorous, white-haired man advanced. "What can I do for you?" he inquired.

"I'd like to see some bicycles," I replied.

"This way, please," the salesman invited. In the rear of the store stood a brilliant fleet. My guide's voice describing the different wheels' merits flowed on. The time taken by these word pictures offered me the chance to slip an inquiring finger under the price tags. I immediately decided that these steeds were too inexperienced, too unaccustomed to long stretches of pavement, too innocent in the ways of the world.

"Do you have any second-hand bikes?" I ventured.

"Yes, Bill will help you. Take the stairs to the right," my companion retorted in a tone of not-too-well concealed disgust.

I followed the steps which led down into a compact, modern workshop where a young man was bending over a bicycle skeleton. As I entered the room, Bill straightened up. "Hello," he greeted me. "Want to look at some wheels?" I nodded. Bill stepped into a storage room; I fol-

lowed. There between two boys' models my bike stood. Slender and streamlined in design, new in appearance, and serviceable in construction, this wheel would have pleased even the most exacting. Several minutes later I marched out of the door minus twenty bills, but far richer than I could have imagined in thoughts of the open road.

I must have been born with an intense desire to peddle over shadow-darkened dust. Else why would the sight of spinning wheels compel me to don a sport jacket and seek new paths to conquer? A long, straight concrete strip lies unrolled before me. The steady rhythm of the pedals stirs my blood. I want to lap up the miles. I want to speed past dusty fence posts and not glance back. I would like to race a locomotive. Perhaps I might win. Faster! Faster! My gasping lungs and twinging leg muscles make the world a reality. A twist of the handle bar introduces me to a rough, winding country lane. Curious maple branches shake inquisitive fingers in my face. A capricious breeze ruffles my hair and passes on to rock-white cherry blossom cradles. While tracing tire patterns in damp, black soil, I lose and find myself.

DOROTHY PAUL

## *Marie*

I looked in the mirror the other day,  
And back at me looked a face so gay  
With eyes the color of blueberry pie  
A mouth too rosy ever to sigh.  
But as I looked, it dawned on me  
This was not I,  
But my sister Marie—

EDNA JOSEPH

## *A Ghost*

When nights are warm and moonlight glosses  
Orderly rows of ferns and mosses  
Gracing the slopes beneath the huge white dome  
With which man replaced his adobe home,  
As a coyote inspired by demons' cries;  
From paths of mist in the starry skies  
The phantom Don Antonia flies  
Astride his favorite stallion's back.  
  
And an old vaquero nods and says,  
"Cursed is the Rancho Los Felez!"

BILLIE HOUGHTON

*The Arsenal Cannon*

# Happy, The Postman

Deep down, sometimes almost forgotten, must surely lie a tender spot in everyone's heart for the small town—the small town, with its "Main Street," its few buildings, the public square with the court house in the center, and last, but not least, the happy, good-natured, contented people that populate the little frame houses, row upon row, on each small street.

In such towns, one can almost always find an outstanding individual who is loved by everyone. Sometimes it is a kind old lady or the town's baker. Still other times it is a teacher, a child, or an old man.

So it was in the town of Rossville, the most beloved person that perhaps ever walked its streets was the local postman. For years he had been in the post-office service and for years, ever since he had been in the service, the people of Rossville all loved him. No other town could boast of a better friend in need than could Rossville with its simple and human postman.

Arther Dale was this postman's real name. Yet since their earliest recollections, the people of Rossville had always called their beloved postman by the well-fitted nickname of "Happy." No other title could have suited him better, for he was always spreading his own brand of happiness everywhere to men, women, children, and even the dogs. There was no special reason why Happy should be so happy, for his life had not been as pleasant as it might have been. When his wife died, years before, she had left him with three small children—two girls and one boy. Soon after this, the two girls grew ill, and they, later, were laid side by side with their mother on the little hill overlooking the town. For many years, the kind old postman and his son, Arther, lived happily together in their little white cottage on the outskirts of Rossville. Then one day as Happy and his son were walking home together, the boy spoke. "Father," he had said, and Happy could remember every word of it, "I want to make a place for myself in this world, so I am going to leave Rossville."

Happy had been shocked and hurt; his only son was going to leave him for the big city. Yet in his heart he knew that the boy should have a chance at life, so scraping together his last pennies, he sent the boy to New York, and later, lost track of him. Some day, thought Happy, he will return and together we shall see the world.

But he never had, and as the years continued to slip by, people thought he never would.

Of course the people of Rossville all loved Happy, and he loved them. Wherever he went, contentment and gayness followed. Children and dogs were his favorites. All along his route both would follow him—the children, knowing that somewhere hidden among the mysterious folds of the nice postman's sack were choice bits of candy, and the dogs, realizing that they would always find a meal waiting for them at the end of his route.

Like many small towns, the main recreation was the movie next door to the Rossville Meat Market. Every Saturday night, the residents of the town would take their families to the movie. Happy had been a few times, but he thought it much more fun to sit in his garden and watch the stars come out.

One day, as he was passing the theater, he noticed large gilt letters plastered in a huge sign over the doorway, which read, "Howard Taylor, the New Idol of Millions of American Women—in the Picture That Made Don Gable Famous—'All-American Lover' with Glenda Rogers." The words looked beautiful as they glittered in the bright morning sunlight; and Happy smiled one of his beloved smiles as he said to himself, "What won't they do to make people come to a movie! Yet there is something that fascinates one when he does go. I do believe I'll come to the picture Saturday." But he didn't.

It was that week that the people of Rossville noted the change in Happy. No longer would he allow the children to come for him in the mornings when he delivered the mail. But if his friends would meet him on the street, he would seem the same as ever. He talked about the weather, the new store, or the school. Yet they noticed a queer look come into his eyes the minute they mentioned his home or something connected with his house. It was a look of happiness, at first; then of sorrow, and finally, of dismay. "What possibly could be wrong with him?" they asked one another.

The children were disappointed when they found no candy for them in his sack, and when they asked him, he replied that he must have forgotten it in his hurry to be on time with the mail, and that, perhaps, he would remember to-morrow. But he didn't; nor the next day nor the next. The people of Rossville could not understand what possibly was wrong. Then, like a bolt of lightning a rumor sprang up! Several times someone had seen a strange man enter and leave Happy's house at night. It was whis-

pered that Happy was either trying to hide a man or shield him from the law. A criminal, perhaps! Soon the whole town was buzzing with excitement. Happy must be harboring a criminal!

Now, in the meantime, the kind old Happy had noticed the sudden change in the citizens of Rossville, and he was as much baffled at them as they were at him. "It surely isn't anything I've ever said to them that would make them feel offended, for they are my friends. Why should they shun me and be so frightened when I bring them the mail each day? They actually run away from me as if I were a thief. I wonder if it is because of him."

He stopped a minute and then continued, "No, they surely haven't seen him yet, for he has never ventured out of my house during the day. I wish I could tell them, but I promised him I wouldn't until he had a chance to write to his gang. He told me faithfully that it just wouldn't do to let the town know that he is here, or else they might go so far as to tear the very clothing off his back. How I wish this was all over! It is getting more dangerous and worse every day."

One day the post-office attendants were surprised and astonished to hear Happy proclaim in a clear voice as he entered the building, "Folks, I'm leaving the mail service today for good."

There was a general commotion through the crowd that had rather timidly collected in front of the post office. Even Clansey, the old policeman, was ready for an arrest if Happy tried to make a false move. It seemed impossible that Happy was leaving the mail service after thirty-two years of steady working. They couldn't believe it! They didn't know whether to be sorry or glad. Then, for one split second, everyone stood quiet. If Happy was leaving the mail service, it could mean only one thing. Happy was also going to leave town; not only that, but with a criminal, too. The people of Rossville looked at one another, then back at Happy. Each of them had the same question in mind, but none of them dared to voice it. Then, through the crowd came the voice of Silas Marker, the storekeeper.

"Do ye mean that you're leaving the post office for good?" he asked in a threatening voice.

"Why, yes," answered Happy simply. "For some time I have wanted to tell you that—," he got no further, for again came the angry voice of Silas Marker.

"We all know why you are leaving. You needn't make up any excuse. We all know that you have been harboring a criminal from the

police in your home. We've known it all along, but we ain't going to stand for it. The jail is still a mighty good place for people like you and your friends."

The crowd all nodded in assent, watching and waiting anxiously for the reply that Happy would give to that. The bewildered Happy stood there for a second, his eyes searching the crowd for an understanding. Then the full meaning of it all dawned on him, and instead of begging for mercy, as some of the people thought he might, he began to laugh. At first it was kind of a chuckle, then a roar. The citizens of Rossville looked at one another in amazement. They couldn't understand what possibly could be funny at such a time. They looked at each other, then back at Happy. Happy looked at them all and laughed all the harder at their bewilderment.

"Oh, friends," he said, when he had caught his breath again, "you are all so wrong. So very wrong. If you had only let me explain, this never would have happened. You see, I really have had a mysterious guest at my cottage for some time. I have wanted to tell you, but I promised him I wouldn't 'til he could be prepared. You see, my mysterious guest was not a notorious criminal, but my son, come home again. This morning he boarded a train for Hollywood where I am to meet him later before we start to see the world. He has made a place for himself in the world, and you may be surprised when I tell you that my son didn't get on the train this morning as Arther Dale Jr., but as a person altogether new and different to Rossville, yet familiar too. My son is none other than Howard Taylor, the movie star."

"To-morrow I shall say good-bye to you. Arther was sorry he did not see you. And he told me to tell you that when he is no longer famous, then he and I both will come back to Rossville where we really belong and live the remainder of our lives. But please forgive me if I have been rude to you," he finished, looking down into the surprised faces of his old friends. "You see, being the father of a sought-after movie star is dangerous business."

Happy smiled down at the little children beside him—such innocent, sweet, simple children who still didn't understand what it was all about. Then, putting his hands down deep into his pockets, he said with almost a break in his voice, for he really hated to leave his kind friends after so many years, "Now, you very little ones, what would you say if I should find some candy for you way down deep in my pockets?"

JOHN E. THOMAS

*The Arsenal Cannon*

# *Market Day*

AS DESCRIBED TO VIOLET BY HER PARENTS

During the regime of the last Czar of Russia, the market day fell on Sunday. Every Sunday the peasants left their farms and work to go to the city. On this day, the business people set out their wares to sell to the frivolous peasants. The peasant girls having sold their linens, butter, and eggs to the townspeople, went on a shopping tour. First, they went to the jewelry stands where they decorated themselves with cheap but colorful jewelry, and then they turned to the Ferris Wheel.

This Ferris Wheel was similar to the ones we know. It was made from rough hewn logs, with open seats. The wheel was set in motion by two men pulling on ropes. The wheel went faster and faster, and often the peasants found themselves hanging with their heads down. After a certain number of turns the wheel was stopped and ready for a new load of passengers, who were plentiful.

Of course, after a wild ride such as this, the people were quite ready for a cooling drink. This drink was made of sweetened ice water with a little strawberry or orange flavoring.

When mealtime came, the prosperous peasants dined in state in a restaurant. The poorer peasants bought some sugar and bread for their lunch. Setting their food on the top of a kerosene barrel in front of a store, they would proceed to dip their bread in the sugar and eat it.

Later in the day, everyone, young and old, rich and poor, gathered in the streets for dancing and singing. Thus ended a market day in Old Russia.

VIOLET GURVITZ

## *Shadows*

They stole their way along the stair  
These shadows, who were creeping there.  
If I moved swiftly, so did they.  
And when I tried some other way,  
They followed me where'er I went  
As if upon some errand bent.  
But when I reached the bottom step,  
The sunlight through the window met  
And greeted me with friendly cheer,  
And made those shadows disappear.

MARGERY HASBROOK

## *Brilliance*

A startled brilliance in the nearby grass  
Quiets to let me pass,  
And loath to miss that splendid thing,  
I pause—a scintillating wing,  
A scuttling tail of flame glided through the weeds,  
Scattering the ripened seeds.  
And through the thinning stems I see him there:  
A glory on the air,  
A bright metallic sheen of colored light,  
Blinding my sight—  
Scarlet and purple, crimson, gold, and blue,  
The tall grasses part to let him through,  
That crested knight, that luster-feathered king.  
And I am left, remembering  
An unforgettable thing.  
My mind still stained with beauty, past and done,  
As eyes hold light from looking at the sun.

MARY HAYNES

## *The Death Knell of Pan*

(Reply to Sandburg's "Jazz Fantasia")

Swelling, seething, surging song of jazzy bands,  
Crawl back into your wretched wormy hole.  
Destroy not my peace and quietness,  
Nor distort my lovely spiritual dreams.  
You irk my soul, you filthy product  
Of drunken, maddened, senseless structures  
Of cells and molecules—you wretch—  
You labyrinth of noises from the kitchen.  
When did man let you in? Yes, when?

Give me the divine music that flowed  
From the harpsichord of Bach,  
The serenades of Hungary and Spain,  
And the romances of Tristan and Carmen.  
Play for me, deathless sounds of the Ninth,  
Until I am as deaf as your master.  
Lull me on in romantic dreams,  
Dear prodigy of Salzburg and Vienna,  
Let me hear again strains from  
The "Marriage of Figaro" and "The Magic Flute."  
Oh, Pan, thy name hath been scorned!

ALBERT JORDAN SMITH



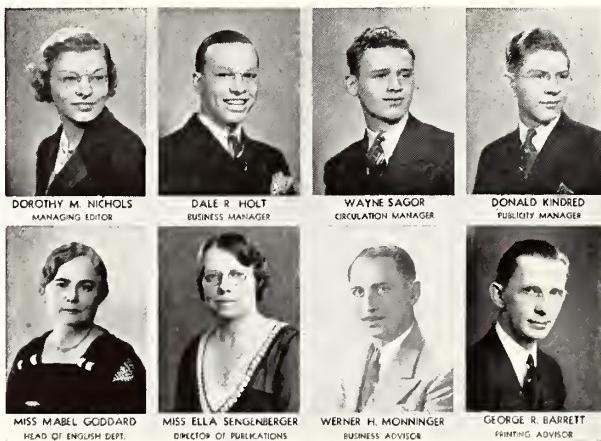
# Activities



*Staff  
One*



*Staff  
Two*



*Executive and Business  
Staff*

*Advisory Board*



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MARTHA McHATTON  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR

HARRY LLEWELLYN  
LAYOUT AND ART EDITOR

DALE THOMAS  
ASSISTANT LAYOUT EDITOR

## *Looking Forward*

On its twenty-fifth anniversary the Arsenal Technical Schools bequeaths a great heritage to the boys and girls who will come within its portals seeking knowledge. Offering the richness of experience which it has accumulated during its first quarter century of growth, this great institution is now able to develop the talents of its student body more completely than the past has ever permitted.

With this educational heritage, every student who attends Tech becomes heir to its historical past. In 1865, when Abraham Lincoln decreed that seventy-six acres, then located one and one-half miles east of the city of Indianapolis, Indiana, should be used as an arsenal, he began the romantic history of the Tech grounds. From 1865 until 1902 soldiers were housed in these buildings. In April, 1903, the government abandoned the arsenal, and in 1912 the grounds were

first occupied by the Arsenal Technical Schools. Grounds and buildings originally used to store armaments are now used to train the youth of the nation to strive for higher and finer goals and to aid them in living broader and fuller lives.

The first eight faculty members, under the guidance of Milo H. Stuart, the first principal of Tech, laid the foundation for another heritage of Tech students—the Tech Spirit, that indefinable spirit of co-operation and friendliness which every Techite recognizes as an invaluable part of his school days. As it influences his school life, so it will influence his adult life.

Thus Tech offers to her future students, even as she has offered to boys and girls for the past twenty-five years, a broad high school education, an historical background of worthy traditions and service, and the Tech Spirit to aid them in living the best possible lives.

Alice M. BOTTOMS

### *Meeting the Deadline*



*Magazine and Page Editors  
at Work*

*The Arsenal Cannon*



Bottom Row, left to right: Vernon Martin, Leroy Best, N. Joe Crawford, Edward Reed, Farley Karns, Clifton Meloy, George Shaffer, Tommy Wilson, Wilson Crawford, George Lyday, Warren Harvey, Carl Bohn, Robert Delrymple.  
 Second Row: William Farmer, Frank Kottlowski, David Fye, Russell Barnett, Robert Engelking, Cecil Kays, John Devine, Kenneth Christensen, Walter Spiller, Richard Vogler, Ralph Monroe, Robert Pullen, Richard Miller, William Garrett.  
 Top Row: Freshman Coach Ross Lyons, Leland Badger, Robert Robertson, Paul Braden, Kenneth Watson, Coach Paul E. Myers, Assistant Coach Reuben D. Behlmer, Bruce Mayhew, Russell Peterman, James McCormick, Harry Adkins, Athletic Director Fred R. Gorman.

## Track

Undefeated in three dual meets and the annual city track and field carnival, the Tech cinder squad, coached by Mr. Paul E. Myers, had successfully started its season as the CANNON went to press.

Only five lettermen returned for further competition this spring, and the team was hard hit by the loss of veterans in the distance events, but steady work overcame this handicap and the tracksters opened their schedule by swamping Warren Central,  $109\frac{1}{2}$  to  $9\frac{1}{2}$ . Kokomo next fell before the Green and White stride, 72 to 63; then Wiley of Terre Haute met defeat, 69 to 54.

In the city meet the Green and White thinlies won their fourth consecutive title, turning back the four local rivals by piling up a total of 93 points. Shortridge, the runner-up, counted 61 points.

## Tennis

As the June magazine went to press, the current crop of tennis players had gone matchless, because of inclement weather.

Coach Robert L. Ball planned to use the following men this season: Carl Bohn, Elmer Molique, Raymond Von Sprecklesen, and James Prater.

## Golf

Three victories in its first four matches comprised the record of Coach Bayne D. Freeman's golf team as the CANNON went to press.

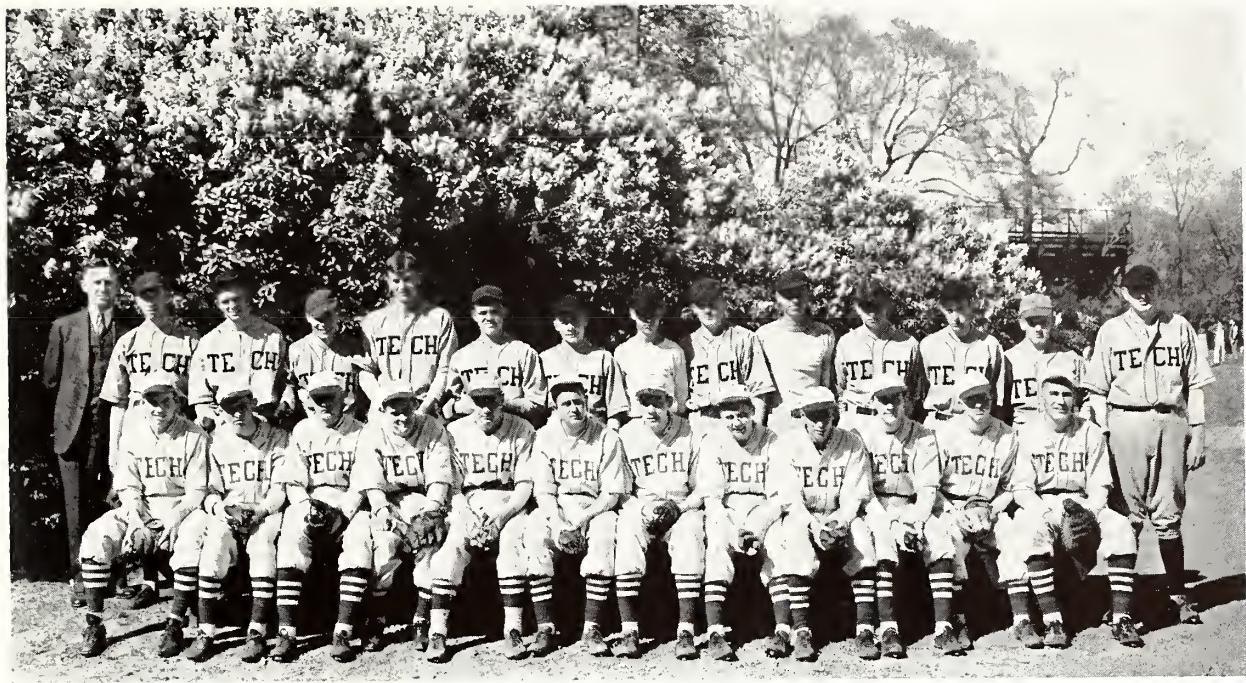
The Green and White linksmen defeated Batesville in their opening duel,  $9\frac{1}{2}$  to  $2\frac{1}{2}$ , and again in a return match, 10 to 2; overcame Cathedral,  $6\frac{1}{2}$  to  $5\frac{1}{2}$ ; but fell before Shortridge,  $7\frac{1}{2}$  to  $4\frac{1}{2}$ , for their lone defeat.

Members of the team were Arthur Wettle, Wayne Montfort, Robert Laffey, Eugene Cox, and Charles Frank.

## Girls' Play Day

The Girls' Play Day, an annual event, was a feature of the Supreme Day celebration May twenty-first. Outstanding athletic abilities were shown among the girls in the events and relay. Blue, red, and white ribbons were given to girls standing in first, second, and third places, respectively.

Following the events, a program was given by girls in all classes of physical education, a Maypole Dance being given by girls in the advanced gym classes. Stunts and games were additional attractions.



Bottom Row, left to right: Guy Tate, Paul Willman, Kenneth Christensen, Roy Fulwider, Ivan Stoshitch, John Grace, Louis Held, Marvin Hook, Charles Shipman, George Clark, James Weaver, Norman Linne.

Top Row: Athletic Director Fred R. Gorman, Wilson Crawford, Earl Helms, Tommy Wilson, Lowell Christian, Jack Bradford, Houston Meyer, Walter Goodall, Lawrence Atkinson, Charles Morse, Raymond Lee, William Price, Kenneth Beplay, Coach C. P. Dagwell.

## *Baseball*

Unfavorable weather conditions consistently hampered the progress of the 1937 edition of Coach Charles P. Dagwell's baseball nine early in the season.

Starting with only four lettermen, Mr. Dagwell whipped a team of rookies into winning shape. At the time the June magazine had gone to press, the Green and White pastimers were boasting of a .600 average, having won over the Indiana State School for the Deaf, 7 to 0; Ben Davis, 19 to 2; and Richmond, 7 to 5, while dropping encounters to the strong Decatur Central aggregation, 4 to 2; and Manual of Louisville, 9 to 4.

Tech's most notable win was from the Richmond Red Devils who had a two-year winning streak of thirty-nine straight games. In 1936 the Red Devils had overcome the Green on three successive occasions.

The remainder of the tough schedule was as follows: Shelbyville, Anderson, Deaf School, Ben Davis, Louisville Manual, and Anderson.

Pitchers George Clark, Raymond Lee, and Jim Weaver, and Catcher Norman Linne formed the batteries for Tech during the long campaign.

## *In Appreciation*

The editors wish to thank the following people for their kind assistance and advice in preparing this magazine for publication: Mr. Glen Hankins of the Drafting department who, assisted by Arthur McCarty, Betty Simon, and Dorothy Westbay, made the senior layouts; Mr. Floyd Billington, Mr. Elliott French, and the Tech Print Shop for printing the covers and the senior names; Mrs. Roberta Stewart for supervising the art work; Mr. Herbert Traub for all the campus photography except the double-page spread; Miss Frieda Lillis for her advice on the layout; and Alma Fisher and Paul Byrkett who assisted the layout editors.

We commend the Commercial Art students for the art work on the title and division pages, and for the sketches on the senior pages.

We wish to express our thanks to the following members of the English department for acting as judges in the literature contest: Miss Ruth Bozell, Miss Anna Brochhausen, Miss Gladys Eade, Mrs. Ressie Fix, Miss Irene McLean, Mr. D. C. Park, Miss Helen Thornton, Miss Margaret Waters, and Mr. Bjorn Winger.

*The Arsenal Cannon*



Front Row, left to right: Carl Bohn, forward and guard; Millard Dobbs, forward; Marvin Hook, forward; Kenneth Christensen, guard.

Back Row, left to right: Coach Bayne D. Freeman; John Higginbotham, guard; William Stonex, forward and center; Jack Richards, center; Louis Held, guard; Ray Holland, forward; Fred R. Gorman, athletic director.

## Basketball • Varsity

The basketball team, under the direction of Coach Bayne D. Freeman, got off to a good start, December fifth, by drubbing Kokomo, 25 to 16, but was slowed down considerably when Frankfort stopped the Green and White squad in the third contest. The boys did not seem to start "clicking" again until the Sectionals, when they went through with flying colors.

Carl Bohn, forward, Jack Richards, center, and Louis Held, guard, made the all-sectional team; Bohn, the 5 foot 7 inch star, led Sectional scorers by amassing a total of 41 points.

Ray Holland was the only member of the Green quintet to be selected as an all-regional player.

Scores for the season were: Tech 25, Kokomo 16; Tech 34, New Castle 22; Tech 21, Richmond 31; Tech 25, Shortridge 15; Tech 23, Rushville 28; Tech 27, Logansport 41; (City Tournament) Tech 20, Shortridge 24; (Sectionals) Tech 49, Warren Central 15; Tech 31, Broad Ripple 11; Tech 27, Decatur Central 24; Tech 38, Ben Davis 13; (Regionals) Tech 24, Plainfield 33.

## Reserves

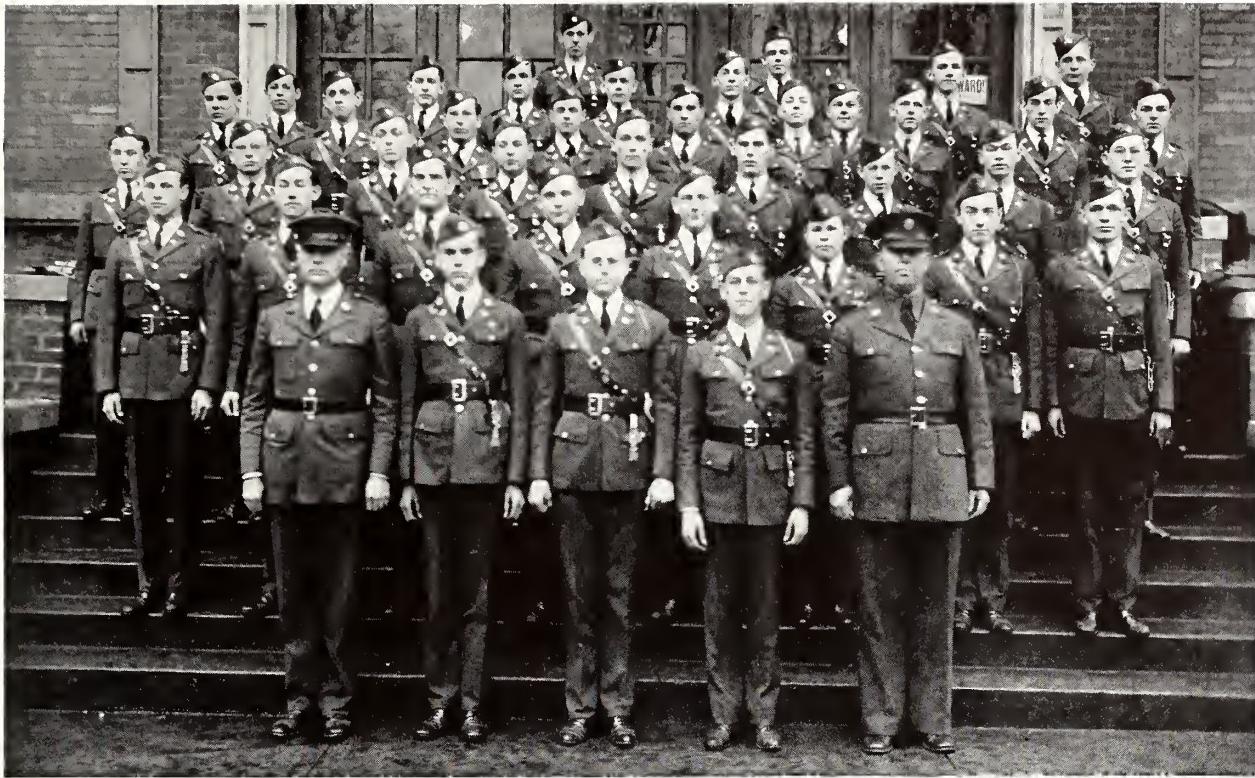
Coached by Mr. Kenneth Barr, the reserve basketball team with a streak of bad luck won but three of its sixteen games.

Members of the squad who won acorn awards are as follows: Marvin Hook, Herbert Allender, Jim Evans, Forrest Risley, Richard Samuelson, Robert E. Stone, Stanley Taylor, James Tolin, and Raymond Von Spreckelson.

Teams registered on the season's card and who were defeated by the Green and White aggregation are New Castle, 20 to 19, Columbus, 36 to 30, and Franklin, 27 to 26. Those squads trouncing the Tech reserves are Frankfort, 26 to 18, Richmond, 36 to 15, Shortridge, 14 to 11, Rushville, 13 to 9, Jefferson of Lafayette, 33 to 28, Connersville, 32 to 25, Muncie, 28 to 26, Marion, 28 to 18, Cathedral, 26 to 25, Shelbyville, 22 to 15, and Anderson, 27 to 23.

## Freshman

Tech's freshman basketball squad, under the able direction of Coach W. E. Rhodes, enjoyed  
(Continued on next page)



Above are shown thirty-nine of Tech's staff of forty-four commissioned officers and the military instructors. From left to right they are:

First Row: Staff Sergeant Chester A. Pruett, Chief Instructor; Colonel Thomas Hawks, Major Harry Markus, Major William Lay, and Sergeant Harry E. Smith, Assistant to Sergeant Pruett.

Second Row: Captains William Keller, Francis Foulke, Robert Compton, Adrien Hollinger, Robert D. Terry, Alphonso Topp, Maurice Reed, and John Cretors.

Third Row: Captains Robert Coryell and Bill Dehn, and First Lieutenants Emory Bryan, Charles Tinsley, Louis Bruck, Walter Sturm, Arthur Schultz, Donald Huffman, and Ralph Hall.

Fourth Row: First Lieutenants James Bowen and John Hinch, and Second Lieutenants Utley Larkin, Eugene Kiser, Ivan Stoshitch, Eugene Pouder, Robert Tuttle, Louis McIntosh, and William B. Jackson.

Fifth Row: Second Lieutenants Joe Ferrer, Eddie Larrison, Lester LaPole, Don Merriman, Richard Morris, Roland Reeder, Kent Newlin, and Jack Schaket.

Sixth Row: First Lieutenants William Steward and Robert Berry, Lieutenant Colonel Ferril Ressinger, Captains E. L. Brown and Hobart Croucher, First Lieutenant William Davidson, and Second Lieutenant George Kutche are not shown.

## R.O.T.C.

Led by its staff of forty-four cadet officers and one hundred forty-four non-commissioned officers, the Tech R.O.T.C. unit strove to win honor rating for the sixteenth consecutive time in its annual spring inspection on May twenty-fifth at the Tech athletic field.

The military band, under the direction of Mr. Raymond W. Oster, turned out eighty-five strong to do its bit toward making the inspection a success.

The R.O.T.C. unit of approximately seven hundred fifty boys is under the direction of Staff Sergeant Chester A. Pruett and Sergeant Harry E. Smith. Sergeant Smith came to Tech last semester after serving for many years with Uncle Sam's military forces in the Orient. The instructors and the nine companies worked together for an unbroken string of honor ratings in the spring inspections.

## Basketball

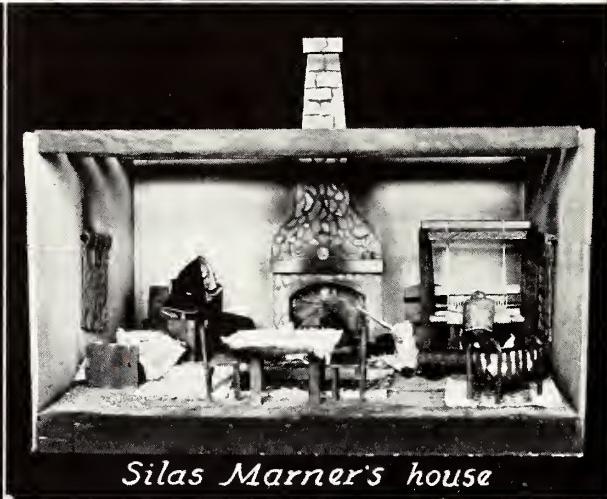
(Continued)

one of the most successful seasons in recent years as it piled up a record of eight wins to three defeats for a percentage of .727 against city and county freshman aggregations.

Members on the squad were Charles Berling, Thomas Berry, Jack Bradford, Frank Buddenbaum, Robert Burns, Jack Comer, Thomas Dransfield, Richard Evans, Charles Howard, Warren Huffman, Jack Kramer, William C. McGill, Robert Morrison, John Pritchard, and William Vickery.

The season's record was as follows: Tech 25, Warren Central 20; Broad Ripple 19, Tech 15; Shortridge 15, Tech 13; Tech 32, Manual 10; Tech 25, Washington 24; Tech 23, Cathedral 7; Tech 11, Broad Ripple 9; Tech 20, Shortridge 16; Manual 10, Tech 9; Tech 23, Washington 10; Tech 14, Cathedral 12.

*The Arsenal Cannon*





Cannon Subscription Winners  
R-137



Tech Debators



An Assembly



In the Library



Street Traffic Guards



Student Center Messengers

The Arsenal Cannon



## *A Senior's Diary*

Dear Diary:

September 7—Up early this morning; back to school.

September 12—I voted today; I know I'm not twenty-one, but it was for senior officers.

September 26—The senior officers were installed today.

October 14—I became a Tech Legionnaire—most impressive assembly program.

October 21—Today I attended the scholarship meeting in the Student Center.

October 22-23—Sleep and more sleep; for students, vacation! State Teachers' Association!

November 14—Guest at Butler University for the Butler-Western State game.

November 16—Attended the fall Cannon Ball.

November 20—Attended the L-Z division of senior play, "Rollo's Wild Oat."

November 21—Nursed sore sides from laughter of the night before.

November 30—Senior colors chosen—blue, green, and white.

December 3—Voted for senior photographer.

December 4—Attended senior reception and drank tea.

December 8—Senior Convocation—Dr. Y. G. Chen spoke.

December 12—Class pins and rings put on display today.

January 8—Dolled up and went to the Senior Winter Party.

January 22—Semester ended.

January 27—Beginning of my last semester in Tech.

April 16—Attended the A-K division senior plays, "Londonderry Air," "Drums of Oude," and "A Wedding."

April 20—Spring Cannon dance—floor show and punch!!

May 7—Attended the spring senior class party.

May 14—Saw many of my friends in the "Sketchbook."

May 21—Helped celebrate Tech Supreme Day which is the twenty-second. Attended our last senior convocation.

May 22—Attended my first alumni association affair. Certainly enjoyed the dance.

May 27—June Magazine out. It's fun to see my picture among the graduates. Somehow it's hard to realize I'm really graduating.

May 28—Today was Senior Day on the campus. Honor Day—and I received my long-hoped-for college scholarship.

May 30—Attended the beautiful Vesper Service this afternoon. Tried to choke down the lump in my throat.

May 31—Vacation. Heard the races broadcast.

June 1—Tonight I was graduated.





CANNON HIGH-HATTERS





CANNON HIGH-HATTERS



